

Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide:
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause:
But rather reason thus, with reason fetter;
Love sought, is good: but given vnought, is better.
Via. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosome, and one truth,
And that no woman has, nor neuer none
Shall mistis be of it, saue I alone.
And so adieu good Madam, neuer more,
Will I my Masters teares to you deplore.
Ol. Yet come againe: for thou perhaps mayst moue
That heart which now abhorres, to like his loue. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

And. No faith, He not stay a iot longer:
To. Thy reason deere venom, giue thy reason.
Fab. You must needs yeelde your reason, Sir *Andrew*.
And. Marry I saw your Neece do more fauours to the
Counts Seruing-man, then euer she bestow'd vpon mee:
I saw't i'th Orchard.
To. Did she see the while, old boy, tell me that.
And. As plaine as I see you now.
Fab. This was a great argument of loue in her toward
you.
And. Slight; will you make an Assc o'me.
Fab. I will proue it legitimate sir, vpon the Oathes of
iudgement, and reason.
To. And they haue beene grand Iurie men, since before
Noah was a Saylor.
Fab. Shee did shew fauour to the youth in your sight,
onely to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your Heart, and brimstone in your Liuer:
you should then haue accosted her, and with some excel-
lent iests, fire-new from the mint, you should haue bangd
the youth into dumbnesse: this was look'd for at your
hand, and this was baulkt: the double gilt of this oppor-
tunitie you let time wash off, and you are now sayd into
the North of my Ladies opinion, where you will hang
like an yfickle on a Dutchmans beard, vnlesse you do re-
deeme it, by some laudable attempt, either of valour or
policie.

And. And't be any way, it must be with Valour, for
policie I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist, as a Politician.
To. Why then build me thy fortunes vpon the basis of
valour. Challenge me the Counts youth to fight with him
hurt him in eleven places, my Neece shall take note of it,
and assure thy selfe, there is no loue-Broker in the world,
can more preuaile in mans commendation with woman,
then report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this sir *Andrew*.

And. Will either of you beare me a challenge to him?

To. Go, write it in a martial hand, be curt and briefe:
it is no matter how wittie, so it bee eloquent, and full of
invention: taunt him with the license of Inke: if thou
thou'lt him some thrice, it shall not be amisse, and as ma-
ny Lyes, as will lye in thy sheete of paper, although the
sheete were bigge enough for the bedde of *Ware* in Eng-

land, let 'em downe, go about it. Let there bee gaullee-
nough in thy inke, though thou write with a Goose-pen,
no matter: about it.

And. Where shall I finde you?

To. We'll call thee at the Cubiculo: Go.

Exit Sir Andrew.
To. I haue beene deere to him lad, some two thousand
strong, or so.

And. We shall haue a rare Letter from him; but you'll
not deliuer't.

To. Neuer trust me then: and by all meanes stirre on
the youth to an answer. I thinke *Oxen* and waine-ropes
cannot hale them together. For *Andrew*, if he were open'd
and you finde so much blood in his Liuer, as will clog the
foote of a flea, He eate the rest of th'anatomy.

Fab. And his opposit the youth beares in his visage no
great preface of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

To. Look where the youngest Wren of mine comes.
Mar. If you desire the spleene, and will laughe your
selues into flitches, follow me: yond gull *Maluolio* is cur-
ned Heathen, a verie Renegatho; for there is no christian
that meanes to be faued by beleueing rightly, can euer
beleuee such impossible passages of grossenesse. Hee's in
yellow stockings.

To. And crosse garter'd?

Mar. Most villanously: like a Pedant that keeps a
Schoole i'th Church: I haue dogg'd him like his murther-
er. He does obey euery point of the Letter that I drop,
to betray him: He does smile his face into more lynes,
then is in the new Mappe, with the augmentation of the
Indies: you haue not scene such a thing as tis: I can hard-
ly forbear hurling things at him, I know my Ladie will
strike him: if shee doe, hee'll smile, and take't for a great
faueur.

To. Come bring vs, bring vs where he is.

Exeunt Omnes.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sebastian and Antonio.

Seb. I would not by my will haue troubled you,
But since you make your pleasure of your paines,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behinde you: my desire
(More sharpe then filed Steele) did spur me forth,
And not all loue to see you (though so much
As might haue drawne one to a longer voyage)
But iealousie, what might befall your rauell,
Being skilleffe in these parts: which to a stranger,
Vnguided, and vnfriended, often proue
Rough, and vnospitable. My willing loue,
The rather by these arguments of feare
Set forth in your pursuite.

Seb. My kinde *Antonio*,
I can no other answer make, but thanks,
And thanks: and euer oft good turnes,
Are shuffel'd off with such vncurrant pay:
But were my worth, as is my conscience firme,

You

You should finde better dealing: what's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this Towne?

Ant. To morrow sir, best first go see your Lodging?

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night

I pray you let vs satisfie our eyes

With the memorials, and the things of fame

That do renoune this City.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:

I do not without danger walke these streetes.

Once in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his gallies,

I did some seruice, of such note indeede,

That were I tane heere, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. Th offence is not of such a bloody nature,

Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrell

Might well haue giuen vs bloody argument:

It might haue bene answer'd in repaying

What weooke from them, which for Traffiques sake

Most of our City did. Onely my selfe stood out,

For which if I be lapsed in this place

I shall pay deere.

Seb. Do not then walke too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me: hold fir, here's my purse,

In the South Suburbs at the Elephant

Is best to lodge: I will bespeake our dyet,

Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the Towne, there shall you haue me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light vpon some toy

You haue desire to purchase: and your store

I thinke is not for idle Markets, fir.

Seb. He be your purse-bearer, and leaue you

For an houre.

Ant. To th Elephant.

Seb. I do remember.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Ol. I haue sent after him, he sayes hee'l come:

How shall I feast him? What bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft, then begg'd, or borrow'd.

I speake too loud: Where's *Maluolio*, he is sad, and ciuill,

And suites well for a seruant with my fortunes,

Where is *Maluolio*?

Mar. He's comming Madame:

But in very strange manner. He is sure posselt Madam.

Ol. Why what's the matter, does he rane?

Mar. No Madam, he does nothing but smile: your La-

dyship were best to haue some guards about you, if hee

come, for sure the man is tainted in's wits.

Ol. Go call him hither.

Enter Maluolio.

I am as madde as hee,

If sad and metty madnesse equall bee.

How now *Maluolio*?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho,

Ol. Smil'st thou? I sent for thee vpon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be sad:

This does make some obstruccion in the blood:

This crosse-gartering, but what of that?

If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true
Sonnet is: Please one, and please all.

Mal. Why how doest thou man?

What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my
legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds shall
be executed. I thinke we doe know the sweet Romanes
hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio*?

Mal. To bed? I sweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why dost thou smile so, and

kisse thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you *Maluolio*?

Maluo. At your request:

Yes Nightingales answere Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous bold-

nesse before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatnesse: 'twas well writ.

Ol. What meant thou by that *Maluolio*?

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some archeue greatnesse.

Ol. What sayst thou?

Mal. And some haue greatnesse thrust vpon them.

Ol. Heauen restore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stock-

ings.

Ol. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And with'd to see thee crosse garter'd.

Ol. Crosse garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a seruant still.

Ol. Why this is verie Midsummer madnesse.

Enter Seruant.

Ser. Madame, the young Gentleman of the Count
Orsino's is return'd, I could hardly entreate him backe: he
attends your Ladyships pleasure.

Ol. He come to him.

Good *Maria*, let this fellow be look'd too. Where's my
Cofine *Toby*, let some of my people haue a special care
of him, I would not haue him miscarrie for the halfe of
my Dowry.

Mal. Oh ho, do you come neere me now: no worse
man then fir *Toby* to looke to me. This concurres direct-
ly with the Letter, she sends him on purpose, that I may
appeare stubborne to him: for she incites me to that in
the Letter. Cast thy humble slough sayes she: be oppo-
site with a Kinsman, surly with seruants, let thy tongue
larger with arguments of state, put thy selfe into the
tricke of singularity: and consequently setts downe the
manner how: as a sad face, a reuerend carriage, a slow
tongue, in the habite of some Sir of note, and so forth.
I haue lymde her, but it is loues doing, and loue make me
thankefull. And when she went away now, let this Fel-
low be look'd too: Fellow? not *Maluolio*, nor after my
degree, but Fellow. Why cuery thing adheres together,
that no dramme of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no
obstacle, no incredulous or vnase circumstance: What
can be faide? Nothing that can be, can come betweene
me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well loue, not I,
is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Enter Toby, Fabian, and Maria.

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To.